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## AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Poland; a Poem.* By Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of "the Pleasures of Hope." To which are added, *Lines on the View from St. Leonard's.* 12mo. pp. 27. London, 1831. Cochrane and Co.

How much depends upon the choice of subject is evinced by the two poems before us, "extracted from the *Metropolitan Magazine*," and now published in a pretty little separate volume. The poet was stimulated by the same, or perhaps a superior, enthusiasm in the cause of Poland; but excitement is not always the parent of beauty in poetical progeny. Strong feeling has been awakened in the author's breast on behalf of a struggling people; but the everlasting sea has proved a far higher source of inspiration than the turmoil of human passions—the picture, however vivid, to the imagination of human wrongs and sufferings. We may therefore be excused if we pass over the first of these compositions, intended, as in mockery, to be "inscribed in the new edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*;" and confine our attention to the last, which contains, within the compass of from 130 to 140 lines, several passages worthy of the utmost fame of Thomas Campbell.

Our personal pleasure in reading this poem may have been increased by seeing the bard in the full enjoyment of the scenery he describes; inhaling the refreshing breezes of St. Leonard's, musing along the sounding shore, and almost unconsciously (as it would appear to the common observer) gathering those deep impressions of external objects, which he has combined so finely with poetical images and associations. The verse opens delightfully:—

"Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!  
Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,  
Great beautious being! in whose breath and smile  
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind  
Inhalas salubrious thoughts. How welcomer  
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!  
Though, like the world, thou fluctuates, thy din  
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose."

We will not indulge in hypercritical carping; but merely to shew that our admiration is not indiscriminate, we notice that there are slight points in this poem liable, in our opinion, to censure. For example, in the ensuing five lines:

"E'en gladly I exchange von spring-green lanes,  
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,  
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's  
Long trills and gushing ecstacies of song.  
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang."

we disapprove, 1, of the pet-like epithet, "darling;" 2, of the possessive ending of the line, "nightingale's

"Long trills;"

and, 3, of the final word "clang" applied to the scream of the sea-mew. It does not convey a true idea of the sound; and that it does not, is curiously enough proven by its proper application in another passage, even in this short production:—

"True, to the dream of fancy, Ocean has  
His darker hints; but where's the element  
That checkers not its usefulness to man  
With causal terror? Seathes not Earth sometimes

Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes  
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang  
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat  
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave?"

But we will not utter another word in the way of our vocation: it is far more agreeable to us to quote such charming lines as the following:—

"With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!  
I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades  
And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain  
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.  
The eagle's vision cannot take it in;  
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,  
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird:  
It is the mirror of the stars, where all  
Their hosts within the concave firmament,  
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,  
Can see themselves at once.

How vividly this moment brightens forth,  
Between gray parallel and leaden breadth—  
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,  
Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,  
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing  
The semblance of a meteor!

Mighty Sea!  
Cameleon-like thou changest—but there's love  
In all thy change, and constant sympathy  
With yonder Sky, thy mistress; from her brow  
Thou takest thy moods, and wearst her colours on  
Thy faithful bosom, mounting milky white,  
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,  
And all thy balmy hours, fair element!  
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,  
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings—  
That little is the world Love's own queen  
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—  
Creation's common! which no human power  
Can parcel or enclose; the lordliest floods  
And cataclysts that the tiny hands of man  
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew  
To thee, that couldst subdue the earth itself,  
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone,  
For marshalling thy waves.

Vet, potent Sea!  
How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now  
Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be  
So fanciful, as to feel no gratitude  
That power and grandeur can be so serene,  
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,  
And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark  
As gently as a mother rocks her child?

To us these extracts breathe the true spirit of song. Nothing can surpass the magnificence of the general view of Ocean, which the lightning's wing cannot sweep without sinking half-way like a wearied bird: nor is the more particular glance less beautiful, where we are presented with the meteor-like sea-bird between the varying belts of the ever-changing expanse of water. The exquisite thought, too, and so exquisitely expressed, of Love's own queen rising from Nature's common, is of the noblest class of poetical conception. But such writing requires no comment—it must reach every heart worth touching; and we now leave it to that proud effect of genius, quoting only the concluding lines:—

"Old Ocean was,  
Infinity of ages ere we breathed  
Existence; and he will be beautiful  
When all the living world that sees him now  
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.  
Quelling from age to age the vital throbs  
In human hearts, death shall not subjugate  
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,  
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound  
In thundering concert with the quirling winds:  
But long as man to parent Nature owns  
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond  
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard  
Shall sing thy glory, beauteous Sea!"

*A System of Geology, with a Theory of the Earth, &c.* By John Macculloch, M.D., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

This work can hardly be said to impugn Dr. Macculloch's character as a geologist—for he states that it was written in 1821; and, therefore, it is not more than ten years behind the present state of the science: but it impugns his judgment—nay, even his veracity—to say that during that period no new facts have been added to the science,—a statement which occurs in the learned doctor's preface, and is in that preface surpassed by the assertion, that this little island contains every geological fact in the world, except volcanoes. There are two volumes, and the matter in them should have been condensed into one. The first contains some mere general essays; the second, a scanty supply of facts, not sufficient for an elementary work, and a still sorrier foundation on which to erect a system. This, in the doctor's own dogmatic style, would, for any ordinary work, be enough; but we shall to facts. The general objects of geological science are knowledge and utility; and geology is an accurate science. It would be inaccurate only, if the author's statement in chap. 2 was true, that the positions and mutual relations of the accessible portions of the globe are irregular and intricate. The constancy of position and of mutual relation is the science of geology. The revolutions which the crust of this globe has undergone, are contained in a few, but striking phenomena, which Cuvier has endeavoured to enumerate; they are, according to our author, "a thousand fold." "The present duty of a systematical inquiry is to describe objects and actions which cannot all yet be classed under general divisions and laws." The objects, like all natural objects, must be capable of classification to a certain extent; and the laws, if physical, will be appreciated in proportion to the scientific attainments of the individual. If that individual cannot classify his objects, he must be unacquainted with them or their relations; if he cannot expound the laws of their actions, he must be unacquainted with science, and therefore unfit to be a systematist. We do not allude to inferences which constitute the results—they are retrospective, and imply a theory of the earth.

The third chapter embraces the form of the globe: geologically, this should not be deduced from observations on gravity, which regard an ideal surface, but from the harmony which is offered between the heights of the present continents and mountain chains with the depths of the ocean's waters, and then we are able to appreciate the aid which geology can be made to give to astronomy. Had the author been aware of this fact, he would not have asserted in his chapter on the general disposition of the surface of the globe, that the height of mountains is a mere object of curiosity; and the same remark applies to the well-established fact, of the distinction existing between the equatorial and polar regions in the general height of their

mountains; a distinction which our author says can lead to no useful geological result. Unstratified rocks are not those in which the forms are irregular, but rocks which observe no parallelism in their beds; as changes of the absolute quality of the rock in a stratum are not only rare, but we suspect unexampled.

The classification adopted by Dr. Macculloch is arbitrary and unscientific. Brognart, like the first geognosts, has attempted a mineralogical classification of rocks; but he acknowledged its inadequacy to the purposes of geology. Dr. Macculloch has pursued a system which is somewhat of a mineralogical character, as he puts sandstones and limestones apart; but he does not assist the student by any specific distinctions, nor does he bring the very groundwork of his arrangement to elucidate the method adopted, or exhibit that method in its only favourable light—namely, the advantage of well distinguishing different rocks. In geology there should be no arbitrary classification—it must be a table of superposition, as far as regards stratified rocks; and with respect to the unstratified, it must be founded on their mineralogical characters, or the period of their appearance on the surface of the earth;—a subject which might involve some discussion, but which discussion would be attended with benefit to the science. In what concerns the sedimentary deposits or stratified rocks, the work is lamentably deficient; and not to enter into particulars, where the author is unacquainted with the labours of the Germans and the French, and with the important researches of Messrs. Sedgwick and Impey Murchison,\* which have assisted in throwing so much light on what have been called the secondary and tertiary rocks,—we shall comprise our critique in stating that the details given do not even make an approach to what is at present known of the differences which they exhibit in various countries, (a fact which is denied by the author in his preface), and even in the same country;—of the variety in organic remains in contemporaneous formations, in various geographical situations;—of the relation of the secondary with the tertiary formations, and of these with each other;—of the relation of the sedimentary deposits to the rocks of plutonic origin; and in fact of that which embraces the most marked features of the science, and constitutes the brilliancy and glory which have characterised the progress of geology when other sciences remained almost stationary.

There is no such thing as a primary red sandstone,—a sedimentary deposit, alternating with primitive crystalline rocks. Why so tenacious in error? We more than doubt the transition of old red sandstone into granite. At the only place quoted by our author, the Ord of Caithness, we have excellent authority that it is not the case: “As the mountain limestone is conspicuously the next stratum in England, while sufficiently constant in Scotland,—and as an analogous one is similarly found on the continent, this must be esteemed the natural succession.” If it had not been proved by the occurrence of mountain limestone between the rock in question and all other secondary rocks, we doubt very much if geologists would have admitted its natural succession, from reasoning like that presented in this

\* “The evidences of geology,” Dr. M. ventures to assert, “have indeed been multiplied, yet through identical facts only; since I do not perceive that a new one has been added to the science. This ought not to have been.” Without appealing to foreign authorities, we shall leave Messrs. Buckland, Conybeare, Sedgwick, Murchison, Scrope, Webster, Lyell, &c., to answer these sweeping charges.

quotation. It is extraordinary that an author who proposes to write a system, should not know what a system is. “Should I,” he says, “attempt to describe accurately the several geological connexions in which the rocks of this division exist, (alluding to the sandstones), it would lead to geological histories of the whole series of the secondary strata in every part of the world.” Now, either strata are the representatives of one another, or they are not; if not, there has been accident in the formation of the earth, and there is no such a science as geology; but if, as is the case, there is a similarity either in superposition in mineralogical characters, or in organic remains in the same formation all over the globe, is it not the systematician’s duty to ascertain and to describe them accurately? The sandstones of the coal formation have a paragraph occupied in their description! The red marl comes next in order. It is divided into three beds, separated by vast deposits of limestone, themselves distinguished by important mineralogical characters, and their application to domestic uses. It would hardly be believed, that out of these Dr. Macculloch describes only the red marl with saiform de-

founded on the radiation of heat, and differs very little from that of Professor Cordier. We shall here terminate our unpleasant labour of pointing out the inadequacy of the present work to occupy in our literature the important station of an accredited system of geology. Only last year an anathema of a similar kind was pronounced within the walls of the Geological Society on a work of similar pretensions, and gladly shall we avail ourselves of the first opportunity of awarding due merit to the author who may be the first successful representative of a profound, important, and interesting branch of science.

Looking at some of his more miscellaneous remarks, we agree with Dr. Macculloch—

“That the water in stones is actually saturated with earths, and probably with silica or lime, appears to be also proved by certain appearances which take place on breaking and drying some of these. In marbles raised very wet from the quarry, a whitish dusty surface soon follows from the deposition of the carbonate of lime; and a similar deposition of silica will account for that gray tarnish which is produced on pitch-stones within a very few hours after the specimens are broken from the rock, during which process of drying they become far less tender and more compact.”

This fact is no less interesting in a geological point of view, than it is important as connected with the arts; for it shews the propriety of squaring and working stones for the ordinary purposes of building and ornamental architecture as early as possible after their excavation from the quarry. Independent of the heavy expense of carriage in transporting large blocks of granite, sandstone, or ouite, in mass, a considerable portion of which is subsequent waste—if such blocks were worked for all the ordinary purposes of building-stone at the quarry before removed, an immense saving would result both in carriage and labour. What, for instance, can be more absurd than the accumulation of a vast mass of freestone, sandstone, and granite, to lie hardening by the sun and air, for several years, on Ramsgate pier, in order to make extra work in finishing that fine structure, which has been already thirty years in progress!

In the latter sections of the work, “on the Theories of the Earth,” the Dr. is not over nice in attacking the different views of other geologists. But whether the views he puts forth as a “Sketch towards a Theory of the Earth” be exempt from the charges he advances against contemporary geologists, we shall not take upon ourselves to offer any opinion. From the very diffuse style of the author, it is by no means an easy matter to arrive at his conclusions. So far as we can collect his meaning, the planet we now inhabit was a mass of gaseous matter, as it emanated from the fiat of its Almighty architect. That it became successively condensed into the liquid and solid form now constituting the terrestrial globe, through the radiation of heat from the surface; while the central portion of the mass still retains its igneous fluidity. But since the origin of things, the crust of this globe, or spheroid, has undergone no fewer than eight different eras or “conditions,” easily distinguishable by geological evidence; such as the interruptions or change in the chemical nature of the rocky series, through the agency of fire, or water, or both agents combined. “I know of no mode (says the author) in which the surface of a fluid globe could be consolidated but by the radiation of heat. The immediate result of this must have been the formation of rocks

on that surface; and if the interior fluid does now produce the several unstratified rocks, the first that were formed must have resembled some of these, if not all. We may not unsafely infer that they were granitic, perceiving that substances of this character have been produced wherever the cooling was most gradual. The first apparently solid globe was therefore a globe of granite." Now, although the above is perfectly intelligible, we have some doubts whether our readers will consider the following section of the sentence in the same light:— "And though we have not as yet even conjectured the causes of what is, nevertheless, a fact in evidence, we ought to admit it on the doctrine of final causes, or of a directing Power; seeing that it is necessary for that disposition, or management of the earth, the consequences of which are essential to its ends." Again: "If such is this view of the first, or truly primitive solid globe, I need not dwell on the quality of the evidence; since, be it what it may, it is apparent. But under the same evidence, there is now a second condition; or, from the presumed original one, a fourth, and that a terraqueous one, or an earth analogous to the present, however differing in many essential particulars; some obvious, and others only to be conjectured!" Need we adduce any farther instances to justify our remarks as to the obscurity with which our author has overlaid his subject in order to make out a system? Dr. Macculloch is unquestionably a man of profound science; but honesty obliges us to say, that he is also a skilful book-maker.

*The Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVIII. Pevelil of the Peak, Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1831, R. Cadell; London, Whittaker.*

We last week noticed this new volume of the *Waverley* series, and the novelties it contains. From these novelties we now think it but justice to offer an extract or two: the first is from the introduction, where the author says—

"If I had valued my own reputation, as it is said I ought in prudence to have done, I might have now drawn a line, and remained for life, or (who knows?) perhaps for some years after death, the 'ingenious author of *Waverley*.' I was not, however, more desirous of this sort of immortality, which might have lasted some twenty or thirty years, than Falstaff of the embowelling which was promised him after the field of Shrewsbury, by his patron the Prince of Wales. 'Embowelled? If you embowel me to-day, you may powder and eat me to-morrow!' If my occupation as a romancer were taken from me, I felt I should have at a late hour in life to find me out another; when I could hardly expect to acquire those new tricks which are proverbially said not to be learned by those dogs who are getting old. Besides, I had yet to learn from the public, that my intrusions were disagreeable; and while I was endured with some patience, I felt I had all the reputation which I greatly coveted. My memory was well stored, both with historical, local, and traditional notices; and I had become almost as licensed a plague to the public as the well-remembered beggar of the ward, whom men distinguish by their favour, perhaps for no better reason than that they had been in the habit of giving him alms as a part of the business of their daily promenade. The general fact is undeniable—all men grow old, all men must wear out; but men of ordinary wisdom, however aware of the general fact, are unwilling to admit in their own case any special instances of failure. Indeed, they

can hardly be expected themselves to distinguish the effects of the Archbishop of Granada's apoplexy, and are not unwilling to pass over in their composition, as instances of mere carelessness or bad luck, what others may consider as symptoms of mortal decay. I had no choice save that of absolutely laying aside the pen, the use of which at my time of life was become a habit, or to continue its vagaries, until the public should let me plainly understand they would no more of me; a hint which I was not unlikely to meet with, and which I was determined to take without waiting for a repetition. This hint, that the reader may plainly understand me, I was determined to take, when the publication of a new *Waverley* novel should not be the subject of some attention in the literary world. An accidental circumstance decided my choice of a subject for the present work. It was now several years since my immediate younger brother, Thomas Scott, already mentioned in these notes, had resided for two or three seasons in the Isle of Man, and, having access to the registers of that singular territory, had copied many of them, which he subjected to my perusal. These papers were put into my hands while my brother had thoughts of making some literary use of them, I do not well remember what; but he never came to any decision on that head, and grew tired of the task of transcription. The papers, I suppose, were lost in the course of a military man's life. The tenor of them, that is, of the most remarkable, remained engraved on the memory of the author. The interesting and romantic story of William Christian especially struck my fancy. I found the same individual, as well as his father, particularly noticed in some memorials of the island, preserved by the Earl of Derby, and published in Dr. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*. This gentleman was the son of Edward, formerly governor of the island; and William himself was afterwards one of its two dempsters, or supreme judges. Both father and son embraced the party of the islanders, and contested some feudal rights claimed by the Earl of Derby as king of the island. When the earl had suffered death at Bolton-le-Moors, Captain Christian placed himself at the head of the roundheads, if they might be so called, and found the means of holding communication with a fleet sent by the parliament. The island was surrendered to the parliament by the insurgent Manxmen. The high-spirited countess and her son were arrested, and cast into prison, where they were long detained, and very indifferently treated. When the restoration took place, the countess, or by title the queen-dowager of the island, seized upon William Dhône, or Fair-haired William, as William Christian was termed, and caused him to be tried and executed, according to the laws of the island, for having dethroned his liege mistress, and imprisoned her and her family. Romancers and readers of romance will generally allow, that the fate of Christian, and the contrast of his character with that of the high-minded but vindictive Countess of Derby, famous during the civil wars for her valiant defence of Latham House, contained the essence of an interesting tale. \* \* \*

"The character of Fenella, which, from its peculiarity, made a favourable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon, in *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, a celebrated work from the pen of Goethe, gave the idea of such a being. But the copy will be found greatly different from my great prototype; nor can I be accused of borrowing anything, save the general idea,

from an author, the honour of his own country, and an example to the authors of other kingdoms, to whom all must be proud to own an obligation. Family tradition supplied me with two circumstances, which are somewhat analogous to that in question. The first is an account of a lawsuit, taken from a Scottish report of adjudged cases, quoted in note to chap. vi. p. 129. The other—of which the editor has no reason to doubt, having often heard it from those who were witnesses of the fact—relates to the power of a female in keeping a secret (sarcastically said to be impossible), even when that secret refers to the exercise of her tongue. In the middle of the eighteenth century, a female wanderer came to the door of Mr. Robert Scott, grandfather of the present author, an opulent farmer in Roxburghshire, and made signs that she desired shelter for the night, which, according to the custom of the times, was readily granted. The next day the country was covered with snow, and the departure of the wanderer was rendered impossible. She remained for many days, her maintenance adding little to the expense of a considerable household; and by the time that the weather grew milder, she had learned to hold intercourse by signs with the household around her, and could intimate to them that she was desirous of staying where she was, and working at the wheel and other employment, to compensate for her food. This was a compact not unfrequent at that time, and the dumb woman entered upon her thrift, and proved a useful member of the patriarchal household. She was a good spinner, knitter, carder, and so forth, but her excellence lay in attending to the feeding and bringing up the domestic poultry. Her mode of whistling to call them together was so peculiarly shrill and shrill, that it was thought by those who heard it [to be] more like that of a fairy than a human being. In this manner she lived three or four years, nor was there the slightest idea entertained in the family that she was other than the mute and deprived person she had always appeared. But in a moment of surprise, she dropped the mask which she had worn so long. It chanced upon a Sunday that the whole inhabitants of the household were at church excepting Dumb Lizzie, whose infirmity was supposed to render her incapable of profiting by divine service, and who therefore stayed at home to take charge of the house. It happened that, as she was sitting in the kitchen, a mischievous shepherd boy, instead of looking after his flock on the lea, as was his duty, slunk into the house to see what he could pick up, or perhaps out of mere curiosity. Being tempted by something which was in his eyes a novelty, he put forth his hand, unseen as he conceived, to appropriate it. The dumb woman came suddenly upon him, and in the surprise, forgot her part, and exclaimed, in loud Scotch, and with distinct articulation, 'Ah, you little deevil's limb!' The boy, terrified more by the character of the person who rebuked him, than by the mere circumstance of having been taken in the insignificant offence, fled in great dismay to the church, to carry the miraculous news that the dumb woman had found her tongue. The family returned home in great surprise, but found that their inmate had relapsed into her usual mute condition, would communicate with them only by signs, and in that manner denied positively what the boy affirmed. From this time confidence was broken betwixt the other inmates of the family and their dumb, or rather silent, guest. Traps were laid for the supposed impostor, all of which she skilfully eluded;

fire-arms were often suddenly discharged near her, but never on such occasions was she seen to start. It seems probable, however, that Lizzie grew tired of all this mistrust, for she one morning disappeared as she came, without any ceremony of leave-taking. She was seen, it is said, upon the other side of the English border, in perfect possession of her speech. Whether this was exactly the case or not, my informers were no way anxious in inquiring, nor am I able to authenticate the fact. The shepherd boy lived to be a man, and always averred that she had spoken distinctly to him. What could be the woman's reason for persevering so long in a disguise as unnecessary as it was severe, could never be guessed, and was perhaps the consequence of a certain aberration of the mind. I can only add, that I have every reason to believe the tale to be perfectly authentic, so far as it is here given, and it may serve to parallel the supposed case of Fenella."

We will not trouble our readers with the justificatory papers to rescue the memory of the real Christian family from the imputations cast upon the demi-ideal Christians in the romance; but conclude with a note on the eleventh chapter, which affords an interesting account of popular pastimes in the Isle of Man, &c.

"Waldron mentions the two popular festivities in the Isle of Man which are alluded to in the text; and vestiges of them are, I believe, still to be traced in this singular island. The Contest of Winter and Summer seems directly derived from the Scandinavians, long the masters in Man, as Olaus Magnus mentions a similar festival among the northern nations. On the first of May, he says, the country is divided into two bands, the captain of one of which hath the name and appearance of Winter, is clothed in skins of beasts, and he and his band armed with fire-forks. They fling about ashes, by way of prolonging the reign of Winter; while another band, whose captain is called Florro, represent Spring, with green boughs, such as the season offers. These parties skirmish in sport, and the mimic contest concludes with a general feast. *History of the Northern Nations*, by Olaus, book xv. chap. 2.—Waldron gives an account of a festival in Wales exactly similar:—In almost all the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the most wealthy farmers, a young maid for the Queen of May. She is drest in the gayest and best manner they can, and is attended by about twenty others, who are called maids of honour. She has also a young man, who is her captain, and has under his command a good number of inferior officers. In opposition to her, is the Queen of Winter, who is a man drest in woman's clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tipets, and loaded with the warmest and heaviest habits, one upon another; in the same manner are those who represent her attendants drest; nor is she without a captain and troop for her defence. Both being equiped as proper emblems of the beauty of the spring, and the deformity of the winter, they set forth from their respective quarters; the one preceded by violins and flutes, the other with the rough music of the tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains engage in a mock battle. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better so far as to take the Queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for as much as pays the expenses of the day. After this ceremony, Winter and her company retire and divert themselves in a barn, and the others remain on the green, where having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast; the queen

at one table with her maids, the captain with his troop at another. There are seldom less than fifty or sixty persons at each board, but not more than three or four knives. Christmas is ushered in with a form much less meaning, and infinitely more fatiguing. On the 24th of December, towards evening, all the servants in general have a holoday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock; prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren, and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her and lay her on a bier with the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church, and burying her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins. There is not a barn unoccupied the whole twelve days, every parish hiring fiddlers at the public charge; and all the youth, nay, sometimes people well advanced in years, making no scruple to be among these nocturnal dancers."—*Waldron's Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731."

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. (Useful Arts.) No. XXII. A Treatise on the Origin, &c. and present State of the Silk Manufacture.*

London, 1831. Longman and Co.

INDEPENDENTLY of the mechanical processes here minutely described, there is a great deal of curious information in this little volume; so that while the former must recommend it to every manufacturer and workman, the latter will secure it the approbation of the more general reader.

Among the properties of silk, the following are stated:—

"Neumann found that but few materials afforded an equal quantity of volatile alkali. Turenne observes that it contains more than hartshorn, as he obtained from fifteen ounces of silk two drachmas of volatile salt: this, which was called the spirit of raw silk, when rectified with some essential oil, was the medicine formerly celebrated under the name of "Gutta Anglicana," or English drops. The volatile alkali obtained from silk was then supposed to be of a different nature from that contained in any other substance, and it consequently was held to possess different virtues peculiar to itself. So, salt of tartar, and carbonate of potass, were for a long time considered to be, and were used as two separate substances. The chemical philosopher had not then learned to generalise, and could not understand that the same substance, differing in no one particular as to its nature and properties, could be obtained from many apparently wholly dissimilar bodies. \* \* \* \*

A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence and of neutralising the effects of malaria. If, as is supposed, the poisonous matter is received into the system through the lungs, it may not be difficult to account for the action of this very simple preventive. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now, it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth; although it may be equally true that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor, and prove an impediment to the transmission of the deleterious substance. We learn from Pomet's history of drugs, that silk was in his time used

as a medicine, by reducing the pure part of the cocoon into a powder. His volume contains many copious directions for preparing this powder, and for duly and carefully separating the chrysalis from the part which he considered medicinal. Silk thus prepared has, as he affirmed, 'the virtues of cleansing the blood, making the spirits brisk, and the heart pleasant.' Lemery, the editor and commentator of Pomet, adds, that the silkworm itself likewise possesses medicinal properties. According to his information, silkworms that had been dried into a powder and applied upon the head, which should be previously shaved for the reception of this plaster, were esteemed extremely efficacious in curing vertigo."

The work is both embellished and elucidated by about forty wood-engravings.

*Examples of Gothic Architecture, selected from various Ancient Edifices in England, &c. &c.*  
By A. Pugin, Architect; the Literary part by E. J. Willson, F.S.A. First Series. 4to. with plates. London, 1831.

To those who are acquainted with Mr. Pugin's former work, entitled *Gothic Specimens*, it will be ample recommendation of the present one to say that it forms a continuation of the same plan, and is executed with equal fidelity and taste;—or rather, exhibits a superior degree of research, and that fuller intelligence of the subject arising from continued study and experience. Like that publication, these "Examples" consist of plans, elevations, sections, and parts at large, so judiciously selected, as to furnish a series of highly instructive lessons; and, in fact, supplying, as far as can be so supplied, all the instruction to be derived from the edifices themselves,—nay, in some cases even more, since the drawings exhibit every particular, most carefully made out from the data supplied by the remaining parts, wherever the dilapidated state of the original structure has rendered such a process necessary.

In this and his former publication Mr. Pugin has effected more for the practitioner in this style of architecture than all his predecessors together, having given us its anatomy, and completely exhibited its *osteology*; in saying which, it should be observed, we are far from wishing to disparage the very tasteful and masterly graphic works produced by others. Yet these latter being merely pictorial, give only the general effect, and that from particular points of view; while Mr. Pugin's delineations are so complete, exact, and intelligible, even as to the minutest circumstances, that they are tantamount to so many models of the respective structures. His new volume, moreover, differs from the "Specimens," inasmuch as the subjects of which it treats consist, for the most part, of domestic architecture, and consequently offer the most suitable forms for adaptation to modern residences.

Independently of their positive merit, these studies are the more valuable, because the information they supply is not only highly useful and interesting in itself, but such, also, as we can obtain from no other sources. Some few of them, indeed, have been represented before—unsatisfactorily, it must be added, and imperfectly; yet others are now edited for the first time; and these latter may be said to open fresh and almost inexhaustible sources of architectural composition in this truly beautiful style; and that, too, of every degree of character, from the simplest to the most ornate. Wide as is the difference between this class of buildings and the ecclesiastical structures of the same period, there is the same national

physiognomy, the same taste, the same feeling, only varied and modified according to actual circumstances; for this difference, it should be observed, is only such as arises from an *extension of, not a departure from,* the genius of one and the same style of art. This versatility of power is to architecture what copiousness of words and flexibility of expression are to a language; and in plasticity and ductility, Gothic architecture is inferior to no other style whatever.

Hitherto our modern *soi-disant* Gothic houses have been, almost without exception, either the most paltry and ridiculous erections that can well be conceived; or, if tolerably correct in some of the individual features, those features have been borrowed from churches and chapels, and, what is still worse, put together without the least attention to character. Such abominations as sash-windowed castles, with the windows themselves crammed as closely together as those in a Cheapside house, or designs of such gingerbread-maker's Gothic as we behold in the front of Guildhall,—are truly deplorable, and now almost incredible. Of such flagrantly vile taste, little danger (one might hope, if we did not witness the contrary in a multitude of instances) is to be apprehended at the present day; there is, however, a fault of an opposite description to be guarded against, and the more so, as it assumes the appearance of a merit,—we mean that of exclusively copying even the best examples of a former period; for even the very best are not without some defects, nor utterly incapable of all further improvement. Admirable as East Basham is,—and, of its exquisite beauty no verbal description can convey an idea,—some of the windows are far from being elegant in themselves, or in unison with the other features. The same remark applies to those of Thorpland Hall, which, however suitable they may be for a grange or parsonage-house, where unpretending simplicity is all that we expect, are of too homely a character for a mansion, unless so introduced as to relieve and set-off other parts. The windows of the parsonage-house at Great Snoring are, on the contrary, of particularly handsome, yet chaste design, although not altogether applicable upon a large scale without undergoing some modification, and the addition of transoms.

Collegiate architecture, of which there are many admirable examples in this work, all taken from buildings at Oxford, presents numerous features, such as entrance gateways, oriel windows, towers, turrets, pinnacles, cloisters, &c.—all of which may be brought into play in an extensive residence; and it is from these and similar sources the architect will be able to derive abundant materials for almost every purpose of a modern habitation. While, however, he forms his taste upon these and similar models, let him beware of falling into the error of supposing that mere copying will suffice. He who thoroughly comprehends the spirit of the originals, who feels all their beauties, who has analysed both causes and results, and who has stored his mind with the ideas they furnish, will be in little danger of deviating from the path pointed out by his guides, because he does not happen to place every step in the impressions they have left. Such a one will endeavour to imitate—not be satisfied with copying; and between the two processes the difference is immense; for the plodding copyist will, at the best, produce but a tame fac-simile as to form; the imitator will extend and develop the ideas of his predecessors; the imperfect hints they may occasionally have thrown

out, he will pursue and carry forward, still keeping in the same direction. This is, of course, not to be attempted unadvisedly and rashly; nor ought it to be attempted by any one who does not both perceive the obstacles he has to encounter, and feel conscious that he possesses energies which will enable him to surmount them.

The species of imitation we here recommend, is countenanced by what Mr. Willson says in the introductory remarks to this volume; and he will hardly be suspected of advocating any practice that would be likely to lead to capricious innovation, and thereby tend to degrade and barbarise a species of architecture whose charms few persons can better appreciate than himself. To those purists who demand that we should strictly conform to precedent, we would submit this simple question—“Do you suppose that had no causes intervened to occasion a marked change in the style of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, it would not have gone on gradually receiving new accessions of homogeneous forms, and have kept pace with increasing refinement and opulence?” If this be answered in the affirmative, as we think it must, we are surely at liberty to do that now, which, but for accidental circumstances of the times, would have been done before;—to set out afresh from the point where our ancestors broke off. That we should first of all qualify ourselves for so doing, by understanding the whole of the previous progress, is, of course, an indispensable condition; but that precaution being taken, little apprehension need be entertained as to the result; and that we have artists among us who thoroughly conceive the spirit of their models, and can enter into the feelings of the architects of former ages, we have a tolerably convincing proof in several magnificent structures lately erected at Cambridge.

What Mr. Pugin has already performed will prove of material assistance towards the attainment of the object at which we have hinted; for while his publications furnish the most valuable practical instructions, they also supply standards of taste, to which we can constantly refer. We will not say that either himself or the public ought to be satisfied with what he has now accomplished; for much as has been done, still more remains to be effected in so wide a field; and we sincerely hope he will prosecute his interesting labours with unabated zeal.

Among other examples that we are anxious to see thus delightfully elucidated, would be some specimens of interior domestic architecture of the same period; also one or two of the best models of the Elizabethan style: for although we do not maintain so high an opinion of this latter as the writer of an article in the last No. of the *Quarterly Review*, entitled “Old English Domestic Architecture,” deeming it in many respects inferior to, and less extensively applicable than, the genuine Tudor; yet it is highly curious both in itself, and as a connecting link between the latest Gothic and the Italianised English of the seventeenth century.

Even here, again, fresh modifications might easily be obtained: much that is merely quaint or impure might be expunged, without detriment to the rest, its place being supplied by details equally picturesque, and equally in character with its leading traits. We are of opinion, also, that our architects would do well to look at some of those singular and highly enriched specimens of domestic buildings to be met with in the north-west of France, several

of which have been delineated by Mr. Pugin himself in his *Antiquities of Normandy*. Although of a very distinct character from either our Tudor or Elizabethan styles, they offer a variety of details capable of being adapted to, and blended with, the one or the other.

Before terminating this notice, we may observe, that Mr. Pugin has published a series of Views illustrative of the principal buildings given in his Examples, accompanied with interestingly written descriptions from the pen of Mr. Leeds. He has also more recently produced another work, entitled *Ornamental Wooden Gables*, which has been commended as it deserves, and spoken of at considerable length in the 5th No. of the *Library of the Fine Arts*,—a periodical which we take this second opportunity of mentioning with approbation, especially on architectural subjects, though we sometimes differ from it on these, and still oftener on general art. Nevertheless it is a publication well worthy of the patronage of an intelligent public; for which patronage it will yield light and information in return, upon topics of common interest to all refined society.

*Harper's Family Library, No. X. The Life of Mohammed, Founder of the Religion of Islam, and of the Empire of the Saracens.*  
By the Rev. George Bush, A.M. 18mo. pp. 261. New York, 1830. Harpers.

This very neat American edition has hitherto consisted of reprints from Mr. Murray's publication; but the present volume is an original work, and one that does much credit to the author, the Rev. Mr. Bush. The plan is so clearly and well detailed in his own words, that we cannot do better than insert them—though they will strike the English reader as full of *Americanisms*.

“The present work lays claim to no higher character than that of a compilation. This, indeed, must necessarily be the character of any work attempted at this day upon the same subject. All the accessible facts in the life and fortunes of the Arabian prophet have long since been given to the world. New theories and speculations, moral and philosophical, founded upon these facts, and many of them richly deserving attention, are frequently propounded to the reflecting; but they add little or nothing to the amount of our positive information. All therefore that can now be expected is such a selection, and arrangement, and investment, of the leading particulars of the impostor's history, as shall convey to the English reader, in a correct and concentrated form, those details which are otherwise diffused through a great number of rare books, and couched in several different languages. Such a work, discreetly prepared, would supply, if we mistake not, a very considerable desideratum in our language, one which is beginning to be more sensibly felt than ever, and which the spirit of the age loudly requires to have supplied. How far the present sketch may go towards meeting the demand, it becomes others than the writer to judge. He has aimed to make the most judicious use of the materials before him, and from the whole mass to elicit a candid moral estimate of the character of the founder of Islam. In one respect he may venture to assure the reader he will find the plan of the ensuing pages an improvement upon preceding memoirs; and that is, in the careful collation of the chapters of the Koran with the events of the narrative.”

We extract the account of Mohammed's illness and death, as a specimen of the style,

which, as we have hinted, is certainly not free from the peculiarities of Transatlantic *English*.

" And now, having arrived at the sixty-third year of his age, and the tenth of the Hejira, A.D. 632, the fatal effects of the poison, which had been so long rankling in his veins, began to discover themselves more and more sensibly, and to operate with alarming virulence. Day by day he visibly declined, and it was evident that his life was hastening to a close. For some time previous to the event, he was conscious of its approach, and is said to have viewed and awaited it with characteristic firmness. The third day before his dissolution, he ordered himself to be carried to the mosque, that he might, for the last time, address his followers, and bestow upon them his parting prayers and benedictions. Being assisted to mount the pulpit, he edified his brethren by the pious tenor of his dying counsels, and in his own example taught a lesson of humility and penitence, such as we shall scarcely find inculcated in the precepts of the Koran. ' If there be any man,' said the apostle, ' whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of any Mussulman? let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt.' ' Yes,' replied a voice from the crowd, ' thou owest me three drachms of silver.' Mohammed heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor, that he had accused him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. He then set his slaves at liberty—seventeen men and eleven women: directed the order of his funeral; strove to allay the lamentations of his weeping friends, and waited the approach of death. He did not expressly nominate a successor, a step which would have prevented the altercations that afterward came so near to crushing in its infancy the religion and the empire of the Saracens; but his appointment of Abubeker to supply his place in the function of public prayer and the other services of the mosque, seemed to intimate indirectly the choice of the prophet. This ancient and faithful friend, accordingly, after much contention, became the first caliph of the Saracens, though his reign was closed by his death at the end of two years. The death of Mohammed was hastened by the force of a burning fever, which deprived him at times of the use of reason. In one of these paroxysms of delirium he demanded pen and paper, that he might compose or dictate a divine book. Omar, who was watching at his side, refused his request, lest the expiring prophet might dictate something which should supersede the Koran. Others, however, expressed a great desire that the book might be written; and so warm a dispute arose in the chamber of the apostle, that he was forced to reprove their unbecoming vehemence. The writing was not performed, and many of his followers have mourned the loss of the sublime revelations which his dying visions might have bequeathed to them. His favourite wife, Ayesha, hung over her husband in his last moments, sustaining his drooping head upon her knee, as he lay stretched upon the carpet, watching with trembling anxiety his changing countenance, and listening to the last broken sounds of his voice. His disease, as it drew towards its termination, was attended at intervals with most excruciating pains, which he constantly ascribed to the fatal morsel taken at Chalbar; and as the mother of Bashar, the companion who had died

upon the spot from the same cause, stood by his side, he exclaimed—' O, mother of Bashar! the cords of my heart are now breaking of the food which I ate with your son at Chalbar.' In his conversation with those around him, he mentioned it as a special prerogative granted to him, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked of him his permission,—and this permission he condescendingly granted. Recovering from a swoon into which the violence of his pains had thrown him, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with faltering accents exclaimed, ' O, God! pardon my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-labourers on high!' His face was then sprinkled with water, and that by his own feeble hand, when he shortly after expired. The city, and more especially the house of the prophet, became at once a scene of sorrowful, but confused, lamentation. Some of his followers could not believe that he was dead. ' How can he be dead, our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? He is not dead. Like Moses and Jesus, he is wrapped in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people.' The evidence of sense was disregarded; and Omar, brandishing his cimeter, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was at length appeased by the moderation of Abu-beker. ' Is it Mohammed,' said he, ' or the God of Mohammed, whom ye worship? The God of Mohammed liveth for ever—but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves; and, according to his own prediction, he hath experienced the common fate of mortality.' The prophet's remains were deposited at Medina, in the very room in which he breathed his last, the floor being removed to make way for his sepulchre, and a simple and unadorned monument [was] some time after erected over them."

In the Appendix all the Scripture prophecies supposed to have reference to Mohammed and the progress of his religion are carefully pointed out and collected; but their examination would be ill fitted for our pages. A list, explaining oriental names and offices, will be useful to the more juvenile reader: there is also (principally compiled from Pridieux) a list of the authors, with a brief account of each, who have written on the subject of Mohammedanism. Yet a fair proportion both of industry and of judgment has been bestowed on this little volume.

#### *Memoirs of Count Lavallée.* Vol. II.

[Second notice.]

We shall forthwith proceed to our task of extract, reserving our own remarks till the conclusion. Lavallée enters into full detail of Mallet's extraordinary attempt, which took place during the Russian campaign.

" The disasters of that campaign are known. While they were going on, the city of Paris witnessed a prodigy such as is often seen on the eve of the great convulsions of nature. What all Europe in arms had not dared to plan for the last twenty years, namely, the conquest of Paris, a single man, in prison, without friends, money, or reputation, was bold enough to attempt, and almost succeeded. I had served with Mallet as staff officer in 1793. He was a man of an extraordinary turn of mind; his manners were eccentric, and he was tormented with a deep melancholy, that made him morose and disagreeable to his comrades. The accession of Buonaparte to the throne had displeased him, and he had not attempted to hide his feelings. The loss of his

liberty, added to the grief of seeing his career stopped when so many officers of younger standing than himself rose to the highest rank and acquired great reputation, made him take a part in an ill-conceived conspiracy, consisting of those old remains of brawling Jacobins, who take no counsel but their rage, and have no means of realising their wretched projects. Mallet was discovered; and the particulars of the plot having been laid before the eyes of the emperor, he shrugged up his shoulders through contempt. After some years' imprisonment, Mallet obtained leave to remove to one of those private hospitals (*maisons de santé*), which surround Paris, and which were for the police a sort of seminaries, where they kept, subject to severe supervision, all such persons who could not be convicted, but whom, however, it would have been dangerous to set entirely free. We had remained during twenty-six days without any accounts from the army. Sinister reports were beginning to circulate, when Mallet, after having combined his plan with the Abbé Constant, a companion of his captivity, found means to get out of prison, dressed in a field-marshall's uniform, and went at four o'clock in the morning to the barracks of the Municipal Legion. Having called up the colonel, who was still asleep, he told him with an air of dismay that the emperor was dead; that the senate was assembled to restore the republican government in France; and that he, Mallet, who had been appointed commander of Paris, wanted six hundred men of the regiment, to go to the Hôtel de Ville and protect the senate, that was assembling there. At this fatal news the colonel was at first seized with alarm, and his grief for the death of the emperor made him shed tears. The disorder of his mind did not permit him to reflect on the news he had heard, nor cast his eyes on the suspicious person that stood before him. He ordered the guard to assemble, and, overwhelmed with consternation, left Mallet master of his forces. The name of a republic, which recalled to mind licentiousness, was a counterpoise to the death of the emperor. The most brilliant promises and temptations were held out; the officers all believed what Mallet chose to tell them. Each soldier was to be rewarded by advancement and double pay; the officers were to get drafts on the treasury, of twenty and even fifty thousand francs,—for Mallet had provided against every difficulty. He soon got together four hundred men, at whose head he went to seek his accomplices, and the future ministers of France, in the prison of La Force. In that prison there had been in confinement, for some time, an adjutant-general, named Guidal, and General Lahorie, of whom I have already spoken. Both had served with Mallet, but had heard nothing more of him, and were totally ignorant of his plans. Mallet entered the prison, claimed his two old comrades, and told the great news. The jailer refusing to deliver his prisoners, he signed their liberation, introduced two hundred men, and went to Lahorie's chamber. The first words Mallet said to him were, ' You are the minister of police. Rise, dress yourself, and follow me.' Poor Lahorie, who now saw, for the first time during a lapse of twelve years, a man whom he had never looked upon as quite *compos mentis*, imagined all he heard was but a dream, and rubbed his eyes while looking at him. At last the assurance of the death of the emperor, of the assembling of the senate, of the re-establishment of the republic, convinced him that he once more witnessed another of those revolutions so common in modern history. He rose, dressed himself, and found

six hundred men at the gate. With Guidal by his side, he immediately went to the minister of police, who was still in bed. The soldiers entered quietly, and without any obstacle; when, finding the door of the minister's chamber locked, they broke it open with the but-ends of their muskets. The minister, waking at the noise, jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, rushed upon the murderers. He was seized, and treated in the most brutal manner; but at last, at sight of the prisoner Laborde, and the intelligence of the death of the emperor, he began to comprehend that he was the victim and the dupe of a revolution. He obtained, not without some trouble, leave to dress; and Guidal led him, escorted by a detachment, to the prison of La Force. On the Pont Neuf he jumped from the cabriolet, but was retaken. When he arrived at the prison, the jailer burst into tears. Savary whispered to him, 'Place me in your darkest dungeon, and hide the key of it. God knows what is the meaning of this; but it will all clear up.' A few moments later, the prefect of police was also brought to the prison: a detachment had gone to fetch him, and had dragged him along. Whilst the heads of the police were thus treated, Mallet went to General Hullin, commander of the military division and of the city of Paris. The general was just getting up to receive an order from the minister of the war department, which could be delivered into no hands but his own. Mallet was accompanied by some officers of his troop. On seeing the general, he said to him, with the greatest coolness, and with an air of gravity, 'I am very mortified, general, to have so painful a commission to execute; but my orders are to arrest you.' Hullin remonstrated; and looking at Mallet, whose face he knew, he said, 'How! Mallet; is it you? You arrest me—a prisoner? How did you come here? What is your business doing here?' 'The emperor is dead.' These words struck Hullin dumb, and Mallet repeated the fable he had invented. However, the arrest and the order to go to prison appeared wondrous strange to the general. He continually spoke of the death of the emperor and his own imprisonment:—at length asked Mallet to shew him his order. 'Very willingly,' replied the other: 'will you step with me into your closet?' Hullin turned round, and as he was entering the closet, he fell, struck by a bullet that touched his head. While lying on the ground, he saw his murderer looking coolly at him, and preparing to fire once more; but thinking him dead he left the place. He crossed the Place Vendôme, and went to the staff, whither he had sent before him a letter, acquainting the adjutant-general, N\*\*\*, that he was advanced to the rank of major-general. The latter, when he saw Mallet, could not disguise his doubts. Struggling between his duty and his ambition, he was perhaps at the point of yielding, and entering into arrangements, when one of the heads of the military police, the old Colonel Laborde, came into the apartment. The appearance of that man shewed sufficiently that he could be neither deceived nor seduced. Mallet was therefore going to blow out his brains, when Laborde seized him abruptly by his arm, called for assistance, and had him arrested. This Laborde was an old soldier, who, having long retired from active service, had chosen Paris for his camp and the scene of his observations. Attached to the police under all possible governments, no one could impose upon him by illusions. His youth had been passed in vice, and he now felt pleasure in pursuing

it in its last holds. He made use of his privilege with all the despotism which subalterns of that class love to exercise upon the rabble. Rank, title, glory, virtue, crime itself, is sacred to them as long as it remains prosperous; but as soon as the day of misfortune arrives, they trample upon every thing, and neither respect nor pity must be expected from them. Laborde had seen Mallet in prison. At the first report of the minister of police being arrested, he set himself at the head of a platoon of infantry, went to the office and found Laborde calmly seated at his desk, writing orders, after those he had given at the Hôtel de Ville. He had him immediately seized and tied to his arm-chair, while he addressed to him reproaches that opened the unfortunate Laborde's eyes to the madness of Mallet. He then went to the staff, where he arrested the latter, and flying to the prison, he delivered the minister and prefect of police. The prefect went home; but his hotel being still full of the soldiers who had arrested him, they pursued him, and he was glad to find a refuge in a neighbouring house. All these scenes, well deserving of a place in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, happened between five and eight o'clock in the morning. By nine all was over; and the happy inhabitants of Paris, when they awoke, learned the singular event, and made some tolerably good jokes upon it."

Certainly never did princes, to whom conciliation was of such paramount necessity, so neglect it as did the Bourbons.

"The following circumstance has been related to me by Count d'Erlon. The Duke de Berri was one day reviewing some regiments in the province of which Marshal Duke de Treviso was governor, and Count d'Erlon commander. An officer came out of the ranks and asked the prince for the cross of St. Louis. 'What have you done to deserve it?' 'I have served thirty years in the French army.' 'Thirty years' robbery!' replied the prince, turning his back on him. It is true, that the marshal having remonstrated, the officer obtained the next day what he had solicited; but the words were reported about, and I leave the reader to judge of the effect they had among the troops. \* \* \*

*Valuable Library.*—"The day before the emperor left Paris for the fatal campaign of Russia, he kept me with him at the close of the evening; and after giving me all the necessary orders for his journey, he said to me: 'Go to the grand marshal; he will give you drafts on the treasury for 1,600,000fr.; you will convert them secretly into gold, which the minister of the treasury will procure you the means of doing; and you will wait my orders to send it me. So much gold was difficult to hide. I addressed myself to the keeper of the ordnance dépôt, (M. Regnier), who was a very ingenious mechanic, and who made for me, in a very clever manner, several boxes which looked exactly like as many quarto volumes. Each of them contained 30,000 fr., and I placed them in my library. When the emperor came back from the Russian campaign, he seemed entirely to have forgotten the money, and he returned to Germany for the campaign of Leipzig without giving me any particular orders on the subject. The only reply he made to my question respecting it was, 'We shall speak of that when I come home.' At last, when, a few months afterwards, he was going to leave Paris for the campaign of France, I insisted on his relieving me from the charge of a treasure, for which I might perhaps not be able to answer in the midst of the important

events that might threaten Paris. 'Well, then,' he said, 'hide it at your country seat.' It was in vain that I remonstrated, observing, that the castle of La Verrière, situated on the road leading from Versailles to Rambouillet, might be plundered by stragglers of the enemy; that my occupation in Paris never permitted me to remain long in the country, and that chance and the slightest imprudence might make me lose the money. He would listen to nothing, and I was forced to obey. My steward was an honest and intelligent man. He made, in my presence, during several nights, a hole under the floor of a closet on the ground floor. There we deposited the fifty-four volumes of Ancient and Modern History. Never would any work have been read with more eagerness, nor appreciated nearer to its real value. The inlaid floor was carefully replaced, and nothing was suspected. The taking of Paris threw the emperor into Fontainebleau. I most ardently wished to share his fate, or at least to receive probably his last orders. But he sent me word by the Duke de Vicenza, that it would be dangerous if I were to come to see him; that he wished me to remain in Paris, where I might act as I pleased; and that he would let me know at some later period how I was to dispose of his money. That circumstance was one of the motives that made me keep so carefully at a distance from government. My attachment to the person of the emperor, the oaths of allegiance I had made to him, my gratitude for his kindness and generosity, made me shudder at the idea of not devoting to him the remainder of my life; but, on the other hand, honour forbade me to embrace the party of the Bourbons, when I was placed in the necessity of maintaining a correspondence with him. What punishment would I not have suffered and deserved, if the king's government, after having received my oath, had discovered that I had in my possession a part of Napoleon's fortune, and that I disposed of it according to his orders? At the time I was making those painful reflections, three hundred Prussians occupied the castle of Verrière. Fifteen slept in the very room where the treasure was hid. These soldiers were far from suspecting that they would have had only to raise with the points of their swords two boards of the floor, to fall upon heaps of gold. They remained there nearly two months. During all that time, I was in continued agony. I expected every day to learn that all had been discovered. Fortunately the Prussians went away at last, and I was easy, at least in that respect."

The details of Napoleon's return from Elba abound in curious matter, but they should be read as a whole; we select, however, one anecdote very characteristic of the manner in which Louis was served by his officers.

"The conduct of the ministry in those last days, and especially that of M. Ferrand, was inexplicable. The king, before he went away, had issued a proclamation, wherein he exhorted the Parisians, and consequently all France, to submission. This proclamation was inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 29th. Its aim was to make all the royalists lay down their arms, and still one of my crimes was stopping the departure of the *Moniteur* and other journals. But if such great importance was attached to the publication of that last will of the king's, why did not M. Ferrand despatch it the day before by express? It might have travelled sixty leagues in twenty-four hours, in all directions, except on the road to Lyons, and the prefects would, at least, have known how to

act. I always suspected that the reason why M. Ferrand did not send it off was because it did not please him. The man has so publicly acknowledged his wishes and his opinions, that I do not think I speak ill of him in saying that he wanted a civil war to break out, which the proclamation might prevent. As for the rest, I own I did wrong in stopping the journals; they could do no harm. Besides, the proclamation was stuck up in all the streets; and whoever wished to read it might do so. Though I wish to be sparing in anecdotes, I cannot, however, omit one that paints admirably well the men who at that time had so fatal an influence over our affairs. The proclamation I mentioned had been digested by the Chancellor d'Ambry; but the order for its insertion in the *Moniteur* had not been delivered. The editor of that journal went at ten o'clock in the evening to M. de Vitrolles, secretary of the council, to ask for the order. M. de Vitrolles sent him to the chancellor. After having repeatedly rung the bell, the porter appeared at a small window, and said that no one could then see his master, who was asleep. M. M\*\*\*, vexed at not being able to obtain an audience even of the porter, made a great noise, saying that he came by order of the king, and at last they were obliged to let him in and walk up stairs. There he had a fresh ceremony to go through before he could penetrate to his excellency. The valet-de-chambre was to be awoken and dressed, and afterwards the master himself roused from the arms of Morpheus. At last M. \*\*\* found himself in the presence of the head of the law, whom he asked for an order of insertion in the *Moniteur*. 'Oh yes, to be sure, the proclamation! Have you seen it?' Then, without waiting for an answer, my lord took it from under his pillow, and began to read it slowly, complacently, and with pauses and inflexions of his voice, which shewed all his paternal affection for that masterpiece of composition. 'This is,' said he, 'one of the things I have written most correctly, and I fear not to say that it is one that will make the greatest sensation. Yes, you may print it.' So saying, he laid himself down again on his pillow and closed his eyes."

*Change at the Tuilleries.*—"In the apartments, the two sisters-in-law of the emperor, the Queens of Spain and of Holland, were waiting for him, deeply affected. Soon after, the ladies of the household and those of the empress came to join them. The fleurs-de-lis had every where superseded the bees. However, on examining the large carpet spread over the floor of the audience-chamber where they sat, one of the ladies perceived that a flower was loose: she took it off, and the bee soon reappeared. Immediately all the ladies set to work, and in less than half an hour, to the great mirth of the company, the carpet again became imperial."

The conduct of Fouché is thus described by Lavallotte.

"Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had besides undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. I shall, perhaps, resume this part of his history another time: I suppress it at present without any scruple, because it has nothing to do with mine. The emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the emperor, to put in his place either his son, or a sort of a republic with a president.

He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich; and if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the minister either to think no more of his plan, or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet, and continued his correspondence. The emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When everybody was gone, the emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the emperor say to him gravely—' You are a traitor! Why do you remain minister of the police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged; and every body would rejoice at your death!' I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, always walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good night, and said that the emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in he was gone; but the day after, he spoke to me of that conversation. 'I suspected,' he said, 'that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bâle, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention that letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject.' (Here the emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before—' You are a traitor,' &c.) 'He acknowledged, in fact,' continued the emperor, 'that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He shewed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer declared over again, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the emperor, but that his person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest.' I expected that the emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards, I went to Fouché to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musketeers, who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. 'Do you see this man?' he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger; 'he is an aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan; it is the Abbé M\*\*\*, one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*—a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons: he is one of our men.' I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the minister, the abbé bowed his head on his plate with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all those valets of literature were men

of his; and while I acknowledged to myself that the thing might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable—the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the emperor had spoken to me of the scene I described above, Fouché said to me, 'The emperor's temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons who have that opinion against them, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it.' As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent; but, reflecting on what the emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation! and I believe they were both in the right: so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the emperor."

There is a curious account of a letter, the truth of the contents of which, though then doubtful, have been somewhat strengthened since.

"Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the empress and his son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was, however, soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him by M. de \*\*\*, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not intimate enough with M. de \*\*\*, to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said: 'Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would perhaps do well to open it; for if you persist, I shall give it to the emperor.' 'You may do so,' I replied; 'I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the emperor may read it.' In the evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the emperor in a dimly lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fire-place, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. 'Here is a letter,' he said, 'which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you; read it.' On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting of \*\*\*; but as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her hatred of the emperor, and was disposed to approve of all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation; that the empress, wholly enamoured of \*\*\* did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for that man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found, however, in the manner in

which the secret was expressed, a warmth of zeal and a picturesque style, that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the emperor himself into some uncertainty. ‘ How is it possible,’ I said, ‘ that \*\*\* should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connexion with him? How can one suppose that the empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young—whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?’ ‘ But,’ answered the emperor, ‘ \*\*\* is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you.’ The following words were in fact written at the bottom of the letter: ‘ I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the emperor; but make whatever use of it you think proper.’ I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the emperor then said to me: ‘ Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine.’ I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me: ‘ I am sure the letter is from \*\*\*; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the emperor can do, is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side.’”

[To be continued.]

*Rapport à M. le Ministre de l'Intérieur sur les Monuments, &c., des Départemens du Nord.*  
Par M. L. Vitet, Inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques de la France. Paris, Imprimerie Royale.

THIS is at least one of the good effects of a ministry composed of men of letters and study; such as, under the name of *doctrinaires*, formed the first cabinet of Louis Philippe. Even amidst all the difficulties of his position as minister of the interior, M. Guizot found time to attend to the interest of the arts. He appointed M. Vitet inspector of the historic monuments of France.\* The opposition journals instantly clamoured, that the minister was creating sinecures for his literary friends. The inspector has sufficiently answered them by this, his first report, being the produce of six months’ research employed in the north of France. Although unpublished, and not circulating beyond the ministerial offices and the scientific establishments of France, we have procured a copy, and proceed to render a brief account of its contents.

The reason assigned by M. Vitet for first directing his attention to the north, is, that this portion of the kingdom is most essentially French, or Frankish; and that there, if anywhere, were to be discovered whatever relics existed of architecture under the Merovingians, or descendants of Clovis. The result of this search was, that no such vestiges remained, although the more ancient ones of Roman architecture

were frequently to be met with. This nowise surprises us; it corroborates what history, if carefully examined, indicates, viz. that the Franks were the most barbarous of all the barbaric tribes that settled on the ruins of the empire. Throughout the north of France, M. Vitet found nought anterior to the year 1000; and even of the eleventh century he can cite but part of the church of St. Remi, at Rheims. From the twelfth century truly dates the resurrection of architecture.

“ In another work,” says the inspector, in his Report—“ I shall endeavour to demonstrate that the history of architecture in the west, from the sixth century to the close of the twelfth, is nothing else than the history of the successive importations of that taste which reigned during this period in Greece, and throughout the coasts of the Mediterranean, from Constantinople to Alexandria. These importations—more or less happy, more or less welcomed, according to the circumstances of times and places—form a study full of variety and interest. Wherever there was river navigable from the sea, wherever there were riches with the people, or genius in the sovereign,—you may be sure that there the exotic taste made rapid progress. Wherever, on the contrary, want of communications, absence of commerce and prosperity, prevailed, there the art of building remained confined to old Roman ideas, disfigured by barbaric rudeness. Hence it happened, that in the same country the Oriental taste appears and disappears, as circumstances invited or repulsed it. Thus in France it was unknown during the sixth century, at which epoch it dawned in Italy under the auspices of the Exarchs of Ravenna. Later, on the other hand, it was banished from Italy by the barbarism of the Lombards, and welcomed in France by Charlemagne. It became extinguished, indeed, soon after the death of this great man, and gave way, towards the tenth century, to a rude and bastard system; whilst at the close of the same age it flourished in Germany under the reign of Otho. But a prodigious event occurred to put a term to these oscillations”—the Crusades.

These, according to the French inspector, spread oriental taste no longer partially, but generally and equally over Europe, in the several regions of which it was differently modified—on the Rhine, for instance, and in Normandy.

“ But by the side of these remains, where the oriental style bears the marks of its naturalisation in different regions of the west, there are to be found some in which this oriental style is pure, unalloyed, and as if directly imported from Greece or Ionia—so perfect and untouched is its native character. These buildings, executed by Byzantine architects, or by those immediately from their schools, are rare and precious, and belong chiefly to the twelfth century. This is the style of architecture which I call *pure Byzantine*, without any Roman or barbarian alloy.”

Specimens of this architecture M. Vitet declares to have been found at Soissons, in some ruins of the old church of Notre Dame, in the church of St. Pierre, in that of St. Martin at Laon, and in that of Coucy le Château.

“ As to that other style of architecture,” continues the Report, “ generally esteemed oriental, that of the ogive, improperly called Gothic, I will try to prove, that it is no relic of oriental origin, that it is essentially indigenous, and has never flourished but in the west.”

Another part of the Report is devoted to the sculptures of the middle ages, and to such speci-

mens of it as M. Vitet could discover in his tour. We have not space to follow him in these researches, and shall indulge in but one more extract.

“ I remarked at Laon a piece of sculpture, interesting in its kind: it is a tomb at the entrance of the church of St. Martin, representing Enguerraud I. lying in his armour. The story of the tomb is singular. Enguerraud, dying, ordered that his body should be interred in the abbey-church. The monks, resentful against their old enemy, refused to receive his remains, and erected his tomb outside of their church, before the portal. The descendants of Enguerraud were indignant, and war ensued betwixt the counts and the abbey. It lasted, with intervals of peace and accommodation, for a century, when the monks were obliged to yield. But how? They threw down the old front of the church, and erected another further, including the tomb of Enguerraud, which thus was inside the church. But the monks, in despite, never consecrated the part lately taken in; so that Enguerraud still slept out of holy ground.”

This anecdote is fully confirmed by the architecture of the church.

*Mythological Fictions of the Greeks and Romans.* By Charles Philip Moritz. Translated from the fifth edition, in German, with Improvements. By C. F. W. J. 12mo. pp. 276. New York, 1830. G., C., and H. Carvill.

WHAT! is Saul also among the prophets? we exclaimed on seeing this ultra imaginative publication from the Transatlantic press: we mean nothing uncivil to brother Jonathan; on the contrary, we congratulate the editor on the accomplishment of his task, who thus expresses himself:—“ Well aware of the importance of making them the groundwork of a *thorough education*, I cannot but indulge the hope, that this little work of Moritz may be of use in advancing among us a department of literature, which, it must be confessed, is not estimated as its importance merits.” We echo these laudable sentiments, and indulge a hope that, with a taste for the elegant fictions of the ancient mythologists, the arts also may come in for a share of their regard; as, by way of illustration and embellishment, the translation has the designs belonging to the original work. These are taken for the most part from antique gems, which is not only in good taste, but also in good keeping, as it gives to the little volume a truly classic appearance. And no where could have been found a more ample store applicable to the purpose of such publications, embracing, as they do, subjects of imagination, rites and ceremonies, effigies of ancient divinities, heroes and philosophers, and especially objects connected with heathen mythology. It might have been wished that these embellishments had been of a higher order of art. As it is, they serve rather (as tokens where better coinage is not at hand,) to convey some idea of the forms and designs of these reliques of antiquity, whence Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other great masters, have frequently enriched their finest compositions.

The preliminary remarks point out the view in which mythology ought to be considered:—“ Mythological fictions (observes the author) are to be considered as a language of imagination: viewed in this light, they are taken out of the connexion of realities, and constitute, as it were, a world by themselves.” After which a poetic effusion in praise of Fancy, from the pen of Goethe, is very aptly introduced;

\* We have already noticed this matter, on the authority of another valued and impartial correspondent:—our friend, the writer of the present critique, had probably not yet seen that Number of the L. G. in Paris.—ED. L. G.

and the volume ends with the beautiful allegory of Cupid and Psyche, in which the story is concisely, though efficiently told; and we are surprised that among the multitude of beautiful gems on that subject, none of them should have been introduced among the embellishments.

The language throughout is highly poetical, and the fabulous stories are given like fairy tales. Care has also been taken that nothing offensive to delicacy, or detrimental to the morals of youth, should be introduced.

How far a work of this kind may be calculated to refine the minds of the Americans, or, indeed, the youth of any other civilised country, may by some be questioned. Certainly it should not, we think, be put into the hands of very young pupils, without some more plain preparatory remarks than it offers. Upon the whole, we would say this book contains much information on the subjects of classic lore, conveyed in figurative but suitable language, and is calculated to excite the attention of youth to elegant and polite literature, in connexion with what is termed a liberal education.

*The Family Library, No. XXIV. The Life of Sir Isaac Newton.* By D. Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. London, 1831. Murray.

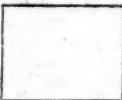
THIS is a plain, sensibly written, and scientific memoir of one of the greatest men that ever lived. It was difficult to produce any new facts, or throw any new light upon the biography of one so well known to the public, and whose labours have, for more than a century and a half, fixed the attention of the civilised and philosophical world; but Dr. Brewster has shewn much industry in both respects. His efforts are particularly worthy of examination where he refutes the opinion that Newton was for a period in a state of insanity, and where he investigates the question of his Scottish descent. We are sorry we can only refer to these points, in consequence of the space they occupy; but the whole work is so deserving of being perused, and so readily within the attainment of all classes, that our regret is qualified by the assurance that they will be generally read in the original. We do not think Dr. B. mentions the circumstance, that the last representative of Newton, Mr. Newton, bequeathed his property to that truly excellent charity *The Literary Fund*; the source of relief and comfort to multitudes of suffering authors and their dearest connexions.

*The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations proved, by a Comparison of their Dialects with the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic Languages.* By J. C. Prichard, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 194. London, 1831. Arch.

THIS volume is a supplement to the learned philologist's *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*; and a man must be a curious linguist to be able to follow its arguments not only through learned tongues, but through Welsh and other dialects far less generally understood. As an analysis of languages is unquestionably an important key to the earliest annals of our species, though the comparisons are too often fanciful, and the conclusions uncertain,—we always refer with pleasure to productions of this class. With regard to Dr. Prichard's labours in particular, we shall only notice that he has here thrown considerable light upon the subject, by applying to its elucidation an able inquiry into the grammatical forms of the Celtic, as still extant in the Welsh, Cornish, Armoric, Irish or Erse, Gaelic or

Highland-Scottish, and the Manks; and especially into the suffixes of the verbs. That this branch of philology has not been previously explored, is ascribed to the German authors, who have principally cultivated the science, being less acquainted with the Celtic than with other languages.

*Almanach auf das Jahr 1831.* Carlsruhe. WE have opened the book, we have examined its embellishments, we have scanned its literature and criticised its arts,—and we set out under great difficulties and apprehension to endeavour to do justice to the immense task before us. Far be it from us to confine the measure of our eulogy to the measure of the *Almanach auf das Jahr 1831*; or to stint ourselves by any relative proportion of notice (merely because it is a foreign production) to the size of this gem of Carlsruhe. It is a genuine almanach, replete with almanachal information, slips into a handsome cover like one of our most showy annuals, is gilt edged, and adorned with many engravings of high merit, though small bulk; and these are its dimensions:—



Having by its silken riband drawn the ponderous volume from its case, we proceed to examine its embellishments and contents. On the external covers we find full-length figures, excellently cut, of "Algierin" and "Algier;" the former a long-bearded old, the latter a middle-aged man. We open the tome itself, and discover that it is the produce of the lithographic "institut" of C. F. Müller; and, certes, it does credit to his types and stones. Useful intelligence, reigning kings and their ages, quarters of the year, months and their particular days, &c. &c. &c., follow throughout some twenty leaves; but the grand merit of the book (we must call it so, for want of a better name) lies in the portraits. We have Sontag, Paganini, "Franz Napoleon" (i. e. young Nap. in an Austrian uniform, with two stars), Diebitsch who is dead, Paskevitch who is living, Hussein Pascha Dey von Algier,—all as like as life, if not of the life size. In short, this is a literary curiosity: we are obliged to our German friends for sending it to us; and we think our English publishers might pick up a few £'s, which none of them are loath to do, by making it a pattern for a London bijou. To the same kindness we are indebted for the Gütte autograph, of which, thinking it might be a pleasant variety, we propose giving a fac-simile in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

*A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges, &c.* Fp. 46. London, M. Salmon.

THERE is no end, as we said, to London Bridge. The present survey censures Mr. Rennie for making a job of a new, instead of altering the old bridge, which, it contends, was both practicable and cheap, and would have been sufficient for all needful purposes, and not so injurious as its removal is likely to be, by the increase of tides up towards Chelsea and all the low lands on the banks of the river. It also contends that Mr. Joseph Gwilt was ungenerously treated in respect to the plan he sent in; though Mr. Rennie's plan is preferred,

and the bridge, as finished, declared to be the finest in the world. The publication is adorned with a number of very clever wood-cuts; and besides its popular intelligence, contains some good practical remarks on bridge-building and the science of hydraulics generally. It is a neat, cheap, and meritorious performance.

*The Monastic Annals of Teviotdale.* By the Rev. James Morton, F.S.A.E., &c. Part I. 4to. pp. 48. Edinburgh, Lizars; J. Hamilton: London, Longman and Co.

MR. MORTON, advantageously known as the editor of Leyden, has here conferred, or rather begun to confer, another obligation on the literary public. The *Monastic Annals of Teviotdale* must be replete with interest; and the specimen before us, confined to Jedburgh and its abbey, gives promise of a valuable work, whether we look to its research or its embellishments. The latter are executed in a very fine style by W. H. Lizars, and consist of 1. a beautiful view of the old abbey from the south-west; [plate 2. is not in our copy—we know not whether from accident in this instance, or from being generally deficient]; 3. a highly ornamented Norman door-way; and 4. a ground-plan of the building.

The letter-press offers a frightful picture of border outrage and barbarism. Truly the

Men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed,

however picturesque their country, led no very pleasant lives in these olden days. Foray, robbery, murder, and desolation, *pre and con*, filled up the turbulent measure of their existence; and it was, indeed, a boast if their residences

"Had not been burnt for a year, and mair."

We have been so charmed with Sir W. Scott's writings on the same subject, that it causes Mr. Morton's work to appear rather dry; but its system and *entirety* are great recommendations; and we can only wish that he would throw us a little of legendary and anecdotal interest into its historical worth.

*A Topographical History of the County of Leicester.* By the Rev. J. Curtis. 8vo. pp. 227. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, W. Hextall; London, Sherwood.

THE first of a proposed series of the counties of England and Wales. This is rather an index than an history; but it is an index eminently useful, and comprehending almost every particular which the topographer can need to refer to. The ancient intelligence is compiled from public documents, the modern from actual survey; and the whole does great credit to the industry of the reverend head master of Ashby-de-la-Zouch Free Grammar-School.

*Family Classical Library, No. XXI. Thucydides, Vol. II.* London, 1831. Valpy. THE continuation of the Peloponnesian war, the version of Dr. W. Smith, Dean of Chester.

*A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, &c. &c.* By Michael Ryan, M.D. 8vo. pp. 309. London, Renshaw and Rush.

THE contents of this volume originally appeared in the popular form of contributions to a medical periodical. It consists of the ethics of the medical profession; of charters and statutes relating to the faculty; and of decisions, &c. on medico-legal cases; and is altogether full of valuable information. There is a little too much of political dash for a scientific work;

but medical jurisprudence is so little understood, that the usual uncertainty of the law is doubled wherever the question is connected with it; and we cannot be surprised at Dr. Ryan's denouncing the ignorance and folly which prevail.

*Divines of the Church of England. No. XVI.*

By the Rev. Dr. T. S. Hughes. London, 1831. Valpy. This, the fourth vol. of Jeremy Taylor, contains some of that eminent divine's most striking sermons, and the "Contemplations on the State of Man." It is a powerful and interesting volume.

*Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. III. Peregrine Pickle, Vol. I.* London, 1831. Cochran and Co.

The frontispiece of "the three black hairs," is a genuine bit of illustration à la George Cruikshank, and "Davy Jones" is also worthy of his characteristic and humorous pencil. We do not think so well of the other subjects chosen; but still the volume is worthy of the series — very ably got up, and very cheap.

*The Commercial Vade-Mecum.* Glasgow, 1831.

T. Allan and Co.

A TOM-THUMB of a book, but as full of commercial knowledge as if it were a giant folio. Here are interest tables, travelling routes, lists of cities, &c. calendars, tables, fairs; and, indeed, almost every kind of information which mercantile men may seek. Tables of the comparative value of coins throughout the principal countries of the world, are among the useful references; but, indeed, the whole is well deserving of its *Vade-Mecum* title.

*Key to the Familiar German Exercises, adapted to the Compendious German Grammar.* By A. Bernays, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, pp. 110. London, 1831. Treuttel and Co.

We are glad that Professor Bernays has so promptly complied with our suggestion to publish this Key. This book, in a great measure, completes his series of works on the German language, and will much facilitate the labours of those who, during their residence in the country, may wish to continue their study of this beautiful and useful, but certainly difficult, language.

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**

*The New Planisphere, for accurately finding the true and apparent Places of the Planets on any Day during the present Century.* By T. G. Bunt, Bristol. London, 1831. Fauntleroy and Burton.

Most of the modern engravings illustrative of the solar system, though superior as works of art, are far inferior to many of their predecessors in conveying correct ideas of the planetary phenomena, being in general merely a number of concentric circles representing the paths of the planets, which are out of proportion to their true distances from the sun — very rarely of their true elliptical form, without any reference to the ecliptic, and, consequently, conveying no information relative to the positions of the nodes, perihelia, and aphelia of the bodies of the system. The principal features of the *New Planisphere* are, its simplicity, varied utility, and the introduction of several particulars not in general found in similar publications; among others that are

interesting may be mentioned the following:—it accurately points out the places of the planets during a period of two centuries, ending at the year 1940; the sun's entrance into the signs, and the variations of his apparent diameter; the time of Mercury and Venus making their transits over the disc of the sun; the relative velocities and distances of the planets, and the changing appearances of Saturn's ring—open, closing, and invisible, marked in their true places round the orbit. We do not hesitate to say, that this diagram (which is accompanied with a book explanatory of the uses of the New Planisphere) will be found superior, in point of accuracy, to any orrery hitherto constructed; that the youthful astronomer will find it of extensive utility, and an excellent companion to the celestial globe; and that those who are engaged in laborious astronomical computations will, with its assistance, be enabled to dispense with an ephemeris.

**COTI RIVER.**

*The Singapore Chronicle* of the 31st of March contains a portion of a journal written by Mr. Dalton, of a tour up the Coti River, on the east coast of the island of Borneo. Mr. Dalton's progress is traced as far as Marpow, a distance of 600 miles from the fall of the river into the sea. The following is an extract of the editor's remarks on the subject:—

"With the exception of the unfortunate Major Mullen, who was murdered, with the most of his party, three days' journey beyond Marpow, no European that we have heard of has ever penetrated so far into this unknown but interesting island. It appears that the Sultan of Coti, whilst at Marpow, (where he was then residing, for the purpose of carrying on a war against the Diak chief, Sedgen,) sent for Mr. Dalton, for the purpose, as Mr. Dalton himself stated, of making him taste of poor Mullen's fate; and though strongly advised against going by his Bugis friends at Tongarren, the capital of Coti, he nevertheless placed himself under the guidance and protection of Saib Abdullah, the Bandarre, and proceeded to Marpow, in company with him. His description of the journey we consider to be highly interesting, as it opens to us new, and in many parts beautiful scenes, along the banks of a river in a country hitherto unknown and shut up to European eyes. During his short stay at Marpow, he informs us that he made that fictitious, but in his peculiar case excusable, contract with the rajah, to supply him with money and goods from Singapore, by which alone he saved his life, and obtained permission to leave the country." — *Times.*

**ROYAL PORTABLE FILTERS.**

ALWAYS desirous of giving public intimation of such clever and ingenious contrivances as are calculated to promote the comfort and health of the community, we feel rather ashamed at not having sooner noticed Mr. George Robins' excellent filters. Custom has familiarised the residents of London so much to filthy and impure water, that the majority, perhaps, scarcely feel that nicety of taste which would prefer a pure beverage; and, from indolence or custom, go on imbibing a slow daily poison, merely because it does not affect them at the moment, but imperceptibly produces painful diseases and death. One would suppose that to know a remedy for this evil would be sufficient to lead to its general adoption: but this is far from being the case. These very handsome and effectual filters, it is true, are widely used; but the wonder is, that any person who can

afford to drink wholesome instead of deleterious water should be without them. They are very simple and very convenient. We recommend them cordially.

**FINE ARTS.**

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

*Etchings.* By C. Read. Close, Salisbury. GREAT as is the skill requisite in the arrangement of lines, and in what is technically called "tooling," in a finished engraving, and beautiful as the result is when such skill has been judiciously exerted, there is a charm in the free outpouring of an artist's conceptions, when the etching-needle is in the hands of taste and feeling, which far transcends that arising from mere mechanical excellence. The difference is as great, and is of the same nature, as the difference between soul and body. This truth is strikingly exemplified in the spirited little productions under our notice, which do Mr. Read the highest credit. Some of them are wonderfully fine, and may fairly be ranked with the similar works of Rembrandt and Worlidge.

*National Portrait Gallery, &c. With Memoirs by W. Jordan, Esq. F.S.A. &c. Part XXIX.* London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE Part for the present month contains fine portraits of Lord Bexley, after Lawrence, by Dean, of Sir Ralph Abercromby, after Hopper, by H. D. Cook, and of William Gifford, after the same painter, by Freeman; which latter is from the picture in the possession of John Murray, Esq. The financier, the soldier, and the man of literature, form an excellent trio; and the fine arts are illustrated in this preservation of their lineaments. The Part is therefore well calculated to increase the great popularity of this publication.

*The History and Topography of the United States of North America.* Edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts 19 and 20.

In these Parts the History of the United States is completed. The succeeding Parts will contain their Topography, &c. The interest and value of the plates remain undiminished; of which the "View of the Catskill Mountain House," and the "Timber Raft on Lake Champlain," are very satisfactory proofs.

*Lithographic Views of the Cinque Ports, and Watering Places from Hastings to Broadstairs.* Drawn by G. Rowe. Wooll, Hastings. PLEASEING reminiscences of beautiful scenery.

*The Right Hon. Mary Elizabeth, Countess Grey.* M. Colnaghi.

DIGNIFIED, matronly, and interesting. The 81st of the Series of the Female Nobility, in *La Belle Assemblée.*

*Fac-Similes from Drawings of Portraits, by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. made at different periods of his life.* In nine plates. Engraved by Mr. F. C. Lewis, Engraver of Drawings to the King. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A CHARMING little collection of engravings, from the drawings of this great master; and not the less interesting from their being a family party. They consist of himself, at the age of thirty-five, from a drawing in the possession of Mr. Keightly, his executor; his parents, from drawings made in the year 1797; his sister Lucy, from a drawing taken at her request in 1813, when she was very ill; and three of his nieces, and two of his nephews, from drawings

produced at various periods. They are all full of delicacy and taste, and bear the unequivocal impression of Sir Thomas's peculiar style of handling the porte-crayon; and several of them possess an additional value from shewing that that style was adopted by him at an early age. Mr. Lewis has transferred the drawings to copper with his usual faithfulness and felicity.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

**PHYSIC AND POETRY ; OR, A MIXTURE.** Know ye Gradus, the doctor *sui generis solus*,

Who handles by turns knife, pestle, and lyre; Who will cook up a sonnet, or roll up a bolus,

As the demons of poesy or physic inspire?

Some men are contented with one claim to glory, [than one kind;

But the claims of our Gradus are of more For with physic, prescriptions, and verses in store, he

Administers drugs to both body and mind.

Thus armed at all points, 'tis clear, and the curse is,

He meets with a patient wherever he goes; Those that won't take his nostrums must needs read his verses, [dose.

And they ne'er forget either, for either's a And with certain effect each acts to the letter,

And so true in result to their nature they stick,

That not one of his patients can ever get better, Whilst all his poor readers are sure to get sick.

Nor can we well wonder at these reversed motions, [enough;

For this double effect there is reason Since whoe'er has to swallow his rhymes or his potions, [stuff.

Is obliged to confess they are made of sad Thus, while letters and physic alternately claim him, [hacks,

As for death and the muse he successively All proud of his fame exult and proclaim him, The quack of the poets, the poet of quacks.

G. V. D.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### SIERRA LEONE.

*Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Native Tribes in the vicinity of the Colony of Sierra Leone.* By Major Ricketts.\*

The natives who inhabit countries in the neighbourhood of the colony, are designated Bullooms, Temanies, and Sherbros. These people are extremely well-formed, their skin is sleek and soft; they are lively, and of a pleasing countenance. The manners of the young females, in particular, are rather graceful than otherwise; they wear, until they are married, a slip of cloth about two inches in breadth attached to a girdle, two inches wide, composed of various coloured small beads neatly strung together, and hanging down behind and before nearly to the ankle. After marriage they wear a cloth which they twist round the lower part of the body, in the form of a petticoat; they have also a second cloth, or handkerchief, to throw over the shoulders. They wear silver ornaments, a kind of bracelet, of native manufacture, made out of Spanish dollars. Generally, they are extremely partial to coral beads, the red nature of which form a pretty contrast with their sleeky black neck. Both males and females plait and braid their hair very neatly, in vari-

\* We have to express our thanks to Major Ricketts, whose volume on the Ashantee war, &c., was reviewed in our last two Numbers, for this communication.—Ed. L. G.

ous forms. The females bathe every day, and often several times in the day, and anoint themselves with oil, to preserve the smoothness of the skin. They are here slightly tattooed, which is not general among them. The men dress generally with a check shirt and trousers.

Their houses are built with clay, plastered over laths, built in a circular form, and comprising, in general, but one apartment; the roof is neatly covered with grass thatch, projecting a few feet beyond the building, forming a piazza, the floor of which is a circular bank of clay, under which the men swing in their hammocks. They have seldom more than one or two entrances to the house, which close with a mat.

In every town of consequence a building called a palaver-house is erected in the centre: it is composed of high posts, which support a roof made of sticks covered with grass; round the building is formed a bank of clay for seats: in these places the public business of every description is openly transacted.

There are blacksmiths, architects, and weavers, in their way, among them: some of them employ themselves in cultivating the soil, shooting, and fishing in the canoes. They weave, in the Sherbro, cotton cloths, six inches broad and five feet long. The women in general occupy themselves in sewing, reaping and cleaning the rice, cooking, and in other domestic affairs.

The men, however, pass much of their time in talking palavers, as they style it; and they will undergo any toil to obtain tobacco and ardent spirits.

During the heat of the day, every thing is still in the villages, but in the cool of the evening the people become animated, and the towns resound with merriment. The natives who reside further up the country are much more simple in their manners, more devoid of art, and more free from suspicion, than those on the coast: they are mild in disposition, but possess more pride, and are easily insulted. The natives, in general, are hospitable to strangers; and when a message is sent from any of them, it is accompanied with a present, and the answer is also accompanied with one in return. They are very superstitious, and believe in witchcraft.

The calo, which is produced by a beautiful large tree, is the size and shape of a chestnut when cleared of its shell, and is used by the natives in fever cases as bark; it is of an astringent nature, and has a pungent bitter taste: after chewing a bit of it, a draught of water is taken with delight. They are a token of hostility or amity between the tribes. Two white caloes announce peace and friendship, and two red ones indicate the contrary. The women do not eat with their husbands, but attend them at their meals, and partake of what they leave.

A man may have as many wives as he can maintain; they are never jealous of each other, and the first wife generally has the management of the others. When a young female is given in marriage, her choice is never consulted, and many of the children of that sex are betrothed from their birth. Courtship is carried on by presents to the girl's friends, which, if accepted, denote the approbation of the suitor's purpose; and marriage is celebrated by the distribution of presents of cloth, tobacco, and rum to the bride, and some to the relations of the bride. The match, however, can be broken off by the presents offered being refused.

The chief Delamoody on the Bulloom married the whole of the wives of his brother who had died, amounting to above forty. "No other

ceremony was observed except drinking, dancing, and singing, which was kept up for nearly a week.

Those who profess the Mahomedan religion are not permitted to have more than four wives; but they may at the same time have as many other ladies as their means will allow them to maintain; and these latter usually live with their wives, but are considered as slaves or menials.

These men copy the dress of the Foolahs and Mahomedans, which is a white shirt like a surplice, and very wide drawers which reach as far as the knee, with sandals, and a blue or red cap of woollen: if he wears a turban, which is formed of muslin, and calico rolled round the bottom of the cap, he assumes the air and is looked upon as a man of consequence.

#### MUSIC.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Songs of the Days of Chivalry.* The Poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.; the Music by T. H. Severn. London, C. J. Farn.

A PLEASANT volume, though without any thing very striking to recommend it to such high favour as many of the author's delightful songs deservedly enjoy.

*Songs of the Old Chateau.* The Poetry by the same; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. Bishop. London, Goulding and D'Almaine.

WE can justly allow a much warmer tribute of praise to this truly beautiful set of songs, with not one of which can we find fault; though, of course, some of them are more to our taste than others. "Those joyous village bells" is an especial favourite; the air sweet and melancholy. "I've heard my own dear mother sing," is also a delightful ballad; and altogether we most cordially recommend this volume to our fair friends. A portrait of the author adorns the first page. We quote the words of the composition already specified, as one to which we listen with feelings of gentle gratification.

"Oh! I cannot bear the sound  
Of those joyous village bells,  
Mournful music should be found  
In the halls where sorrow dwells.  
Once for me those bells were rung,  
And the bridal song was sung;  
Wretched is the bride that hears  
Sounds like those with tears.  
  
Now I see the laughing train,  
Youths and maidens dancing forth;  
I'll not look on them again,  
Eyes like mine would mar their mirth.  
Once for me those bells were rung,  
And the bridal song was sung;  
Wretched is the bride who hears  
Sounds like those with tears."

*Britannia's Wreath.* Written by Agnes and Susanna Strickland, and composed by J. Green.

DEDICATED, by permission, to the King. Even if the other songs were indifferent, the "Life-boat" would be sufficient to give this volume popularity. We might remark, fond of simplicity as we are, that the music is in general too simple: to several of the songs there is scarcely any accompaniment.

*The Sicilian Lover's Serenade.* By G. C. Davids. Composer, Louisa Pyne. Davids. WE are pleased with the talent displayed in this song, which is sung with much applause by the father of the youthful composer. We formerly noticed, with merited approbation, Miss Pyne's variations on "Cease your funning;" this new effort is equally clever.

*Drawing-Room Lyrics.* Seven Songs, written by F. W. N. Bayley. Composed by J. Green. A PRETTILY got-up book of songs, and well fitted for the drawing-room table. For playing or singing our report must be unfavourable.

*Hast thou known what 'twas to smile, Love?* Words by a Lady; Music by R. Sutton. Clementi and Co.

A PRETTY composition, and by a very deserving composer.

*Favourite Airs for the Harp. Part II.* By C. Egan. Barnet and Co.

To beginners we could not recommend a more agreeable or easy selection. The airs are simple and pleasing. We have not seen the first Part.

*Melodies of the Singers of the Alps of Styria.*

Carl Fischer. Johanning and Whatmore. A SET of old favourite airs, pleasantly arranged as waltzes, and well worthy of ladies' favour.

*Strike, oh strike those Chords again.* A Ballad. The Poetry by C. Greville. Music by C. Eulensteini. Chapell and Co.

A SIMPLE, pretty, and easy ballad; composed by our excellent acquaintance Eulensteini, the extraordinary performer on the Jew's harp.

*I'm the merry little Drummer.* Alex. Lee. COMPOSED for Miss Poole in the *Legion of Honour*; a nice rattling tune, and already as familiar as household words, in consequence of the naive singing of Miss Poole.

*The Stranger's Bride.* A Ballad; written and composed by George Linley, Esq. J. Duff. ONE of the sweetest ballads of the season; the *Stranger's Bride* is both touching and melodious. It need only be known to be very much liked.

#### DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

VARIETY is charming, says the old song; and we are now enjoying that rare and agreeable variety in a critic's life—being in a good humour. The performances for the last week at this theatre have been very lively and varied, always leaving out the conclusion; for the Haymarket seems resolved on reversing the proverb, "All's well that ends well;" on the contrary, every evening ends badly. There's Mr. Bianchi Taylor, a musical walking-stick, and not very musical either; Mr. Hacket, who enacts the sturdy and independent English farmer, very much after one's *ideal* of a bailiff; and for the feminine stock, the manager may quote Shakespeare and say, "'tis a commodity lies fretting by me." It is quite amusing to observe how the first song clears pit and boxes. But now to return to the beginning and our good humour. The principal novelties have been, *She would, and she would not*; with Miss Taylor as *Hippolyta*, whose leg and foot, at least, defy criticism, and who acted with great animation: so did Vining, who really looked so well in his monk's cowl, that we did not wonder at the young lady's taste who chose him as her confessor: it was quite enough to give the catholic faith female popularity. Of Mrs. Ashton's face we can say something civil, but of nothing else. Farren's acting was, as usual, such as to make Othellos of critics, and let them find that their "occupation's gone." The scene where he takes leave of his daughter—his delight at her marriage, softening into sorrow for her loss, was at once ludicrous and touching: the audience did not know

whether to laugh or to cry, and so some did both.

On Thursday a comedy, founded on Cibber's *Double Gallant*, was produced, and was completely successful. Love, jealousy, and stratagems, produced some most dramatic situations. Vining's universal lover was very good; we have rarely seen him enter into a part with more spirit. We beg to congratulate Mrs. Glover, first on her excellent *Lady Sadlife*, and secondly on her new dress: her matrimonial shrew, and her full-blown coquette, are true to the very life. We shall take the words out of her own mouth, and say as she says, in an intended quarrel with her husband, that she may safely leave the issue to "tears and nature."

Of Miss Sydney we shall only repeat what we said last week, and what we suspect we shall always have to say, that she looks rather pretty, dresses beautifully, and smiles in precisely the same manner. Miss Taylor improves, is improving, and will improve; she has the talent and the feeling in her: *Clarinda* was not a part of much importance; its only incident was her appearance as a midshipman; but we suppose the appearance was to be what appearance often is in this world—every thing. We have kept Farren to the last for the sake of climax: *Sir Solomon* is one of those citizens in which the old school of comedy delighted—jealous, yet easily duped; rich, yet mean, cowardly, and cunning: it is a caricature, but one copied from nature; and every line of this is filled up by Farren with that exquisite finish, which he of all actors carries to its perfection. Two new characters were introduced—failures both: the dastardly Bully belonged to the old school, and the refined Exclusive to the new, a heterogeneous mixture, and both of them overdrawn and absurd.

*My Wife and my Place* continues its course of popularity. We mention it again—first, to say how very sweetly (though without much voice) Miss Taylor sings the pretty ballad of "May thy lot in life be happy!" and secondly, to remark on the costumes. Vining, for example, wears a full-dress evening coat, with loose white morning trousers; and Miss Taylor sits at work the next day in the ball dress of the night before. Now it is one of the great merits of the French stage, that such inconsistencies of costume are never tolerated. The propriety of Farren's dress, which is always perfect, is a good example to his fellow-comedians.

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

*Exhibitions.*—We have already noticed the splendid Clarence Vase in Oxford Street, which must be seen by those who have any curiosity to learn what can be done in glass: till we saw it, we confess we could as readily have imagined what a mountain in the moon really is. *Ergo*, we advise a visit to this Brodignagrian specimen of glass manufacture, and no less beautiful than extraordinary for size—the Gustavus Vasa of art. Upon a smaller scale, we must anticipate that chimney-ornaments, candelabra, lustres, and a hundred other articles of ornament and luxury, will soon spread the fame of this parent vase, of which it was aptly said, that it was fit for St. Peter's church at Rome.

Another of the spectacles of London, at this late hour of the season, with which we have been much gratified, is a glass window, executed for Lord Dudley by Mr. Egginton, and now to be seen in Bond Street, where Mr. Colling's fine sculpture (already noticed in the

L. G.) is open to inspection. The stained glass represents St. Thomas Aquinas performing high mass before Louis IX. (we believe); at any rate, it is a copy from a picture by Mabuse, and admirable for its execution. Being an interior, it has few of the positive and gaudy tints which give richness and effect to ancient glass windows; but it is a charming composition, with every colour in keeping, and altogether an honour to the modern school in a department of art which is distinctly reviving.

#### VARIETIES.

##### Selected from American Periodicals.

*A Curiosity.*—An ingenious piece of workmanship was lately manufactured in Philadelphia. It is a pitcher or cream jug, which holds about half a pint, made of wooden staves, hooped with silver, and a glass bottom. The staves were taken from the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. We expressed some surprise, says the editor of the *Democratic Press*, when we were told that the pitcher had been taken to pieces to decide a wager of twenty dollars, and that one thousand and six staves were counted in it! It was made by Mr. Joshua Peddle, and is the property of Mr. John Johnson.

*March of Intellect.*—A person reading a quotation from the *London Literary Gazette*, respecting the consumption of oil, found the usual abbreviation, *London Lit. Gaz.* Upon asking the meaning of a neighbour, he replied, it means that *London is lit with gas*.

*Underbidding.*—A Frenchman assured one of our friends that his countrymen never buy an article at the seller's first price. "For instance," said he, "one of them came into my store the other day, and priced a pair of silver buckles. I asked seven dollars. 'Eleven! I give you nine.' 'Seven is the price, sir, not eleven. 'Seven! I give you five!'"

*Bull and no Bull.*—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' said I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' said he, 'I thank you, Donnelly.' 'Donnelly!' said I, 'that is not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' said he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us,—and sure where's the bull in that now?"

*Original Anecdote.*—A few years ago, a couple of Dutchmen, upon the high hills of Limestone, though very friendly, had a dreadful falling out about one killing the other's dog, for which he sued for damages. They were called into court, and the defendant in the case was asked by the judge, if he killed the dog? "Pe sure I kilt him," said the Dutchman; "but let him prove it." This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the case was called on to answer a few questions: he was asked by the judge, to what amount he estimated the damages? He did not understand this question so well; so, to be a little plainer, the judge asked him what he thought the dog to be worth? "Pe sure," said he, "the dog was wot noting; but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him."

*Reasons for discontinuing a Periodical.*—The publisher of a Scottish periodical, which recently went the way of all things, gives, in his expiring number, two reasons, which he terms "cogent" ones, and they certainly are so, for the demise of his journal. The first is, "that all his contributors left him;" and the

\* Query L. Ed. L. G.

second is, "that all his subscribers, in obedience to the scriptural injunction, went and did likewise."

*Speaking Aside.*—A diffident lover going to the town-clerk to request him to publish the banns of matrimony, found him at work *alone* in the middle of a ten-acre lot, and asked him to *step aside* a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear!

*Short Correspondence.*—Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Smith; thinks it unnecessary his piggs should go through his grounds.—*Reply.* Mr. Smith's compliments to Mr. Brown; thinks it equally unnecessary to spell *pigs* with two *g*'s.

*Flattery?*—As the sun in all his splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, dear, if I had my silk gown on?"

*The New Island.*—Further and interesting accounts have been received, and published in the newspapers, respecting the new volcanic island, of which we described the appearance in the *Literary Gazette* of the 20th ult. On the 18th of July it was observed *creating itself* by Captain Swinburne, of H.M.S. *Rapid*; and was again visited, landed upon, and taken possession of by planting the British flag, at the end of the month, by Captain Senhouse, flag captain of the St. Vincent. The phenomena, altogether, are described as wonderfully grand. To the latest, the island had increased in height and extent; and there is every appearance of its becoming a permanent fixture on the face of the globe; though one of the letters expresses an anticipation, that this as yet nameless isle may sink, as Sabrina did a few years ago. It is a remarkable circumstance, of which we are just informed by a letter from Gibraltar, that simultaneously with this volcanic eruption on the Sicilian coast, there was, at that great distance, a considerable agitation of the sea, and an unprecedented rise of the tide.

*Wilson the Ornithologist.*—We observe, with sorrow, an account of the death and burial of poor Wilson, somewhere in the state of Philadelphia, even while the Edinburgh journals are anticipating his return laden with scientific treasures. We have now before us No. I. of his Illustrations of American Ornithology, on a reduced scale, to sort with Professor Jameson's edition—a pretty and attractive publication. The coloured prints are extremely correct and well done.

*Crown Medals.*—Orders have been sent to the Mint to strike a handsome coronation medal, in gold, for every member of the House of Commons. The peers have them of course; but this is, we believe, a new royal compliment.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVI. Sept. 3.*]

*Literary.*—A monthly American journal of natural science has been founded at Philadelphia, and was to appear on the 1st of June. We have not yet seen the opening No., but from the prospectus we gather, that a well-conducted periodical of this description must be very acceptable to "the other hemisphere." After alluding to the efforts of European naturalists, the announcement says:—"Amidst these general contributors to science, it is painful to perceive what conspicuous blanks are yet left for America to fill up, and especially in those important branches, American geology and American organic remains. This feeling is greatly increased by the occasional taunts and sneers we see directed against us in foreign scientific works. They are aimed, it is

true, against individuals insignificant enough to elude them, and, therefore, the larger body, the nation, is hit and wounded by them. Neither is there any defense open to us. We send abroad gigantic stories of huge metempsychosic lizards, 'larger than the largest size'; and we cannot bring home upon the stars as our own wonders, from Georgia to Maine, until first we have been exulting over the stranded remains of a common sperm whale. At this present moment, a huge animal, dug out of the Big-bone-lick, sixty feet long, and twenty-five feet high, is parading through the columns of the European newspapers, after making its progress through our own. This is what every naturalist supposed it to be, also a great imposition. Within these few days, drums and trumpets have been sounded for other monsters. A piece of one of our common coal plants is conjured into a petrified rattle-snake; and one of the most familiar fossils solemnly announced all the way from Canada, under a name exploded, and long forgotten by naturalists. All these jibes and reproaches we ought to have been spared. There ought to have been the ready means amongst us, together with the independence and intelligence, to put down these impostures and puerilities as they arose. It is for this object, as well as for the diffusion of the love of science at home, that this monthly journal is about to be established." If it put an end to the sea-serpents alone, it will deserve favour. Since writing the foregoing, we have received No. I., which, without any doubt, any remarkable feature, is a fair specimen of the work.

We are requested by a friend, who will act a prominent, and we hope a successful part in the London world, by and by, to notice in favour of a new critical journal, to be called the *Literary Spectator*, and published weekly at twopence. Such an appeal we are too liberal to resist, and therefore we shall our promised twopenny contemporary with the welcome of kindness; though we do feel a little the difficulty of standing by "our order." If our order will demean itself to such prices. All we can say is, that periodicals may be sagacious enough to appreciate their own public value; and from a whole shilling to eightpence, sevengroves, sixpence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, yea, to a penny, we wish them well.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 25	From 52. to 70.	29-64 to 29-78
Friday... 26	— 43. — 71.	29-65 — 29-89
Saturday... 27	— 56. — 76.	29-90 — 29-98
Sunday... 28	— 49. — 70.	30-02 — 30-11
Monday... 29	— 47. — 72.	30-13 — 30-16
Tuesday... 30	— 47. — 73.	30-09 — 30-00
Wednesday 31	— 53. — 70.	29-69 — 29-92

Wind N.W. on the 25th; since the 25th, S.W. and W. Generally clear; a little rain on the mornings of the 26th and 31st.

Rain fallen, -025 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude.... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.... 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A pamphlet on the alleged decline of science in England, by a foreigner, merits more mature consideration than we can this week bestow upon it and its important subject: we trust to be able to give it due attention in due time.

Though we have resigned so many of our columns to day to the notice of monthly publications, we are still in arrear with that class, which has now become the leading source of literary employment. We continue to speak of the volumes individually as we find them; but, as a whole, we cannot but regret the prevalence of a fashion which tends so decidedly to make literature indeed a trade and manufacture—put an end to original works, and discourage all the higher efforts of genius.

*ERRATUM.*—In our last, p. 344, col. 2, line 21 from bottom, for "variable" read "quadruple."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

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The Greek and Latin Classics.

Mathematics, English Literature and Composition, and History.

The Matriculation Fee is 11. 1s.; and the Fee for the Year's Course will be 21. if the Student is nominated by a Proprietor, and 20. 6s. if not so nominated. The Student is admitted to attend particular Lectures not comprised in the regular Course. This Course will occupy four or five hours each day, commencing at a Quarter before Ten o'Clock, A.M.

There will be annually a Public Examination and Distribution of Prizes.

Lectures, which will be open to the attendance of all Students, whether entered as "Regular" or "Occasional" Students, will be given on the following Subjects:—

Theology, by the Rev. the Principal of the College.

Classical Literature, by Professor Anstis, B.A. of Chr. Ch.

Mathematics, by Professor Anstis, Magd. Coll. Camb.

English Literature, by Professor Hall.

History, by Professor Hall.

Mathematics, and Experimental Philosophy, by Professor the Rev. H. Moseley, M.A. of St. John's Coll. Camb.

Jurisprudence, by Professor J. Park, Barr. at Law.

Political Economy, by Professor N. W. Senior, M.A. Oxon.

Geology, by Professor C. Lyell, M.A. F.R.S. For. Soc. Geol. Soc.

Zoology, by Professor J. Rennie, M.A.

Chemistry, by Professor J. V. Daniel, F.R.S.

Botany, by Professor G. Burnett, Esq.

Commerce, by Mr. Joseph Lowe, who will attend every day to give private instruction.

The Professors in these Departments.

The Oriental Languages, &c. will be shortly appointed.

French Language and Literature, by Professor Ventoulle.

German dictio, by Professor C. Bernays.

Italian dictio, by Professor Rosetti, LL.D.

Portuguese, by Mr. W. Mendibill, LL.B.

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A Preliminary Statement, containing additional particulars of the plan proposed, and of the Fees, &c. connected with the preceding Course, may be had either at the Office of the College, or by application to Mr. E. Fellowes, at Ludgate Street (Publisher to the College), or by the Booksellers.

A complete Course of Medical Instruction, the details of which have been already laid before the Public, and may be had at the College, will open on Monday the 10th of October next.

The Junior Department.

The Rev. J. E. Major, M.A. Second Master.

The Rev. John Edwards, M.A. Second Master.

The course of Education in King's College School will comprise Religions and Moral Instruction, in conformity with the principles of the Established Church—the Greek, Latin, and French Languages—Writing, Arithmetic, and Elementary Mathematics—History and Geography, Ancient and Modern—and English Composition. Opportunities of receiving instruction will be afforded to other children when required, which, however, an additional charge will be made.

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